RELEASED INTO THE WORLD ON THIS DAY

THE KING OF LIMBS

RELEASED INTO THE WORLD ON THIS DAY

A UNIVERSAL SIGH!

Good morning Mr Magpie,
how are we today?
Now you've stolen all
my magic and took my
melody?
You got some nerve
coming here.
You got some nerve
coming here.
You stole it off give it
back.
You stole it off give it
back.
Good morning Mr Magpie,
how are we today?
You know you should but
you don't,
You know you should but
you don't...
Open our mouths wide.
A universal sigh.
"So why does this still
hurt?"
Don't blow your mind
with why.
Why does this not add up?
Don't let it blow your
mind.

Across a great divide.
A giant turtle's eyes.
Jellyfish float by.
Your rules do not apply.
As open as the sky.
The holes we measure out.
It's what keeps me alive.

Why does this not add up?
A spider to a fly.
A universal sigh.
A giant turtle's eyes.
Don't blow your mind with
why.
The current's just too
strong.
Don't let it blow your
mind.
Across a great divide
The words between the
lines.

None of this stuff is mine.
I throw my arms wide.
Open your heart and smile.
Don't look so serious.
No need to pull that face.
Always I'm before you.
The cards that have been
dealt out.
Moving out of orbit.
Turning in somersauts.
Ours not to reason why.
I'm reeling with this
feeling.
Where er'r the current
flows.
Precious little time.
Distances and time
The wind takes all the
leaves.
And then it will take me.
The parts we have to play.
I cannot help but laugh.

I cannot help but laugh.
It's like I've fallen out of
bed from a long and vivid
dream.
The sweetest flowered
fruits were hanging from
the trees.
Falling off a giant bird
that's been carrying me.
Like I've fallen out of bed
from a long and vivid
dream.
Just exactly as I remember.
Every word, every gesture.
I've my heart in my mouth.
Like I've fallen out of bed
from a long and vivid
dream.
Finally I'm free of all the
weight I've been carrying...
Slowly we unfurl as lotus
flowers.

All I want is the moon
upon a stick.
Just to see what is.
Just to see what if.
I can't kick the habit
'Just to feed your fast
ballooning head.'
"Listen to your heart!"
Good morning Mr Magpie,
how are we today?
Now you've stolen all
my magic and took my
melody?

Don't let it blow your
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Across a great divide.
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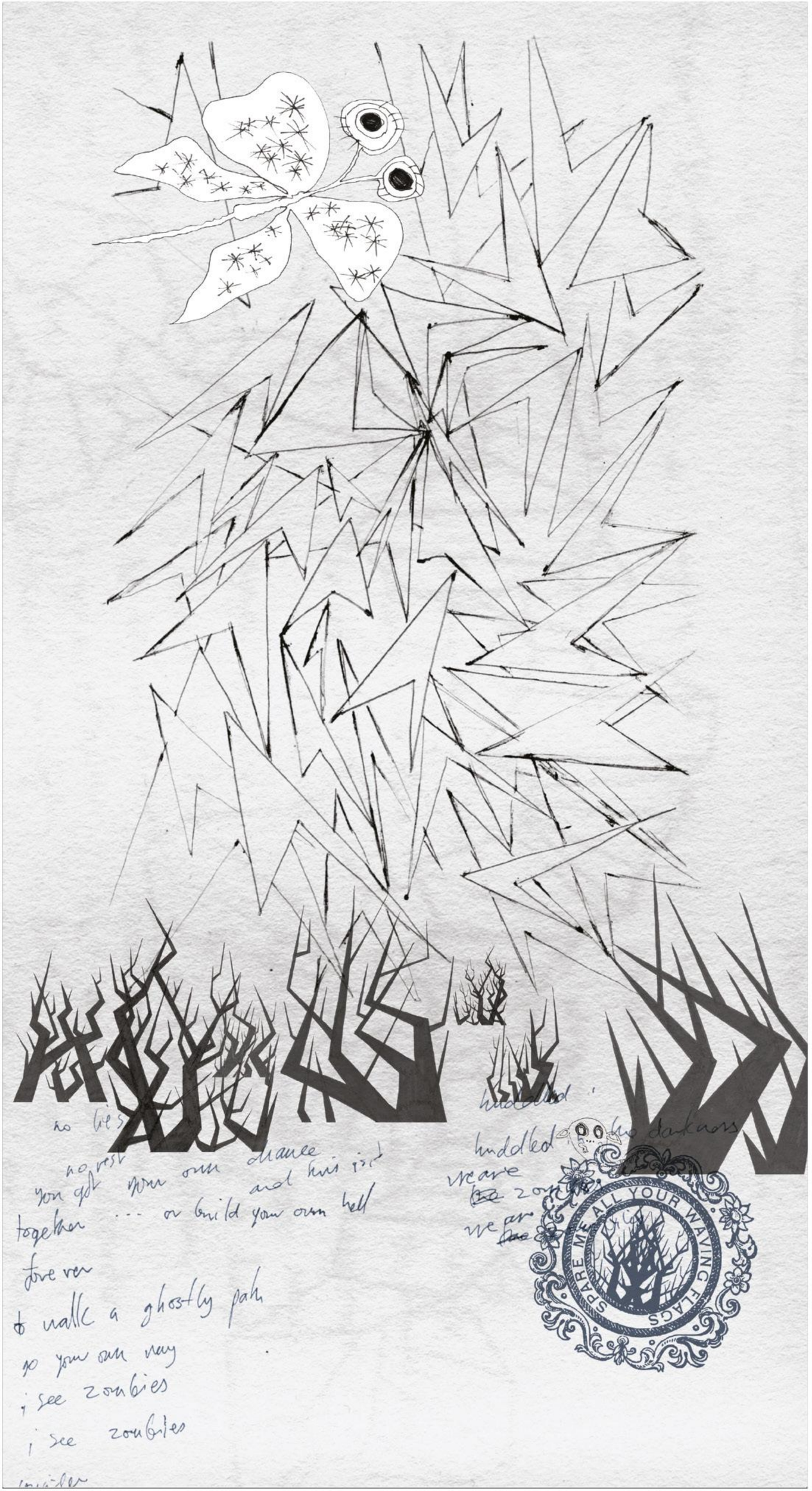
Just to see what if.
I can't kick the habit

'Just to feed your fast
ballooning head.'
"Listen to your heart!"

RADIOHEAD

PANGAEA, SPRITE, HOB,
PANTHALASSA, GAME, FAUNA!



SELL YOUR HOUSE AND BUY GOLD

There was disaster coming; that was obvious. Life had been almost ridiculously easy, and now things were going to get worse. Much, much worse. I couldn't believe that I had ever thought otherwise. I couldn't believe that I'd ever thought that there could be any other outcome.

But I had.

I had disregarded a thousand different types and variations of warning for years.

I had believed implicitly in the power of the Authorities to deal with any situation that may have worried me. My bookshelves were full of books, packed with scientific explanations, and I had taken out a variety of insurance that implied my life was worth money.

I did not think that my life, or more precisely, the manner in which I lived it was effectively an inexorably lengthy suicide, although, of course, it was. Small things were changing, but I had preferred to remain oblivious. I did not much miss the butterflies, and birdsong had only reminded me of mobile phones or car alarms anyway. Disaster I thought of in inverted commas; "DISASTER".

It was something that, if it were to happen, would look like extremely expensive special effects.

Because the world was big, and seemed to alter only in the details, I slowly became comfortable in many assumptions. I fossilised into what I saw as an eternally stable sediment.

In this state I engaged actively with property, clothing, money, culture, and had a vested interest in continuing to do so.

In this I was not alone.

Even though I had often observed newly-born swarms of mayflies smashed to pieces by a sudden and unexpected showers of hailstones, I often used credit cards. Even though I myself had mercilessly crushed legions of ants beneath my feet, I took out a mortgage on a house that I then renovated, decorated and bought furniture for. And even though I had seen on the television many harbingers of disaster, I carried on acting as if nothing was wrong.

All of this was an error.

No. Not just an error; it was an immense mistake.

When, at last and unequivocally, I had to admit to my deeply comfortable self that disaster really was coming and that its coming was inevitable, I took certain steps.

Everyone that I knew of lived in houses, and it rapidly became clear that all of these houses were either too old, too dangerously situated, or in any number of other ways inappropriate. We used our diverse and highly-developed skills to research the question of what to do.

We decided to build a new house that had none of the drawbacks of previous habitats. We selected a site and had the house built. The disaster was definitely coming, but money still worked as it always had, as did credit, mortgages, property, and all the other things we clothed ourselves with.

There seemed to be no particular urgency regarding the disaster; only a dull sort of inevitability. Our new house fulfilled all the requirements we sought, but there was one thing we had not thought about.

One thing we had not got right.

We built a house with too many shadows in it. It wasn't the sort of thing that you notice at first; oh no. The shadows did not become evident until it was too late.

Of course. Not until it was much, much too late.

And soon it was clear to us all that the disaster was almost upon us. This we deduced from the undeniable fact that many of the things to which we had become accustomed began to stop functioning.

The telephones became unreliable, and there was often no money in the holes in the walls. There was no more petrol, which led to some very unpleasant scenes, both on the roads and elsewhere. People had certainly been guilty of selfishness before, but the stoppage of petrol made a lot of people act extremely thoughtlessly.

In addition to our frequent and increasing daily troubles, the always awkward-to-reach call-centre employees whom we relied upon for many things were frequently completely absent, and when the telephone systems did actually work we were usually rebuffed by recorded voices that enticed us through several options before becoming silent.

One evening the television had nothing to show us.

And then, almost suddenly, it was no longer possible to buy newspapers, or indeed many sundries including soap, dish-washing tablets, razors, lightbulbs, vacuum-cleaner bags, or toilet paper, as the family who had owned the shop had gone. We tried to find other shops, but the families who owned them had gone too.

We now had to think about the how of getting, rather than the how much to get. This was a strain. It occurred to me, not infrequently, that our civilisation had, of late, begun to make the simplest things extremely tortuous. We had perfected what now seemed a psychotic level of complexity around simple human activities like eating, keeping clean, and moving from one place to another.

Our supply of electricity became erratic. At the end of a day filled with minor panics of one sort or another it was apparent that there was no more of it at all.

That was where our real problems started.

Looking back, I can see that they began long before that. Our problems began a long, long time ago, when they were invisible, and continued during their gradual appearance.

The problems grew and were nurtured by our casual indifference, our sneers, and the ignorant manner in which we chose to live. Our gestating problems were the dark, inevitable spectre that accompanied us to the cashpoint, into work, to the supermarket, and into our gritty, tortured beds.

And after the end of the electricity, the shadows conspired against us.

The dark corners began to scare us more than the coming disaster. The disaster was imminent; that was clear from the disappearance of many things which we had assumed to be vital to our being. But the threat from the shifting shadows in our house was worse, far worse.

We began, almost imperceptibly, to panic.

However much we reassured ourselves that we were safe, that the disaster would flow over us, that we had stockpiled, that we were defended and guarded against every eventuality, the insistent shadows illuminated our vulnerability.

When night came, we fell to a brooding quietude, eyeing each other with suspicion, inventing justifications for our dark feelings.

We cloaked our hidden desires; we conspired with the shadows.

Nothing seemed to be happening.

The television, I realised, had been a sort of terminal that connected me to a wider understanding of events. And without newspapers it was impossible not to write my own internal headlines during my sleepless nights. Worry became constant; worry and enforced exile from everything I was accustomed to.

I had never envisaged a sort of loneliness that did not involve people. But in fact it was the lack of small items that I had previously taken for granted made me lonely. I missed tea, toothpaste, remote controls, coffee, ballpoint pens, margarine, AA batteries, and easy credit in high-street stores. I missed my favourite magazines.

And the dead silence that encloaked the telephone and the television made me lonely. And the hollow look in the eyes of the people - oh...

After the end of electricity, the nights lengthened.

We had to wait in the dark, listening.

Life had quickly become intolerable for some of us.

It wasn't that I found my existence more tolerable than theirs; only that I felt that I had a sort of fortitude, a sort of - wisdom.

Nobody was happy.

The light in the house became less and less; the shadows, darker and darker. Still we waited for the disaster.

And when I looked, when people moved in front of the windows in the grey light, their shadows cast quickly clattering dark talons across the floor. This only became worse as the light faded.

I forbade them from moving, as it had become impossible to tell shadow from shadow. Or shadow from human.

Mine was a necessary act, an act which intended to prove that we had to be strong and united against the looming disaster.

The man had always been unreliable, but certain events had proved to me that he was a liability. If it had not been me it would have been another who would have had to take that awful decision.

Nobody witnessed anything; not that it would have made any difference if they had.

I was not ashamed, and after a certain amount of uproar I explained my reasoning and my actions to the others. But I did not go into the details; if I had told them about his struggling, and how long it took, there would undoubtedly have been problems.

We carried his carcass beyond the perimeter wire and left it in a ditch. Inevitably, there were people who objected, and they were next.

When disaster is coming it is difficult to see clearly, but somehow I could see through the shadows to the light.

A long period of unpleasantness followed.

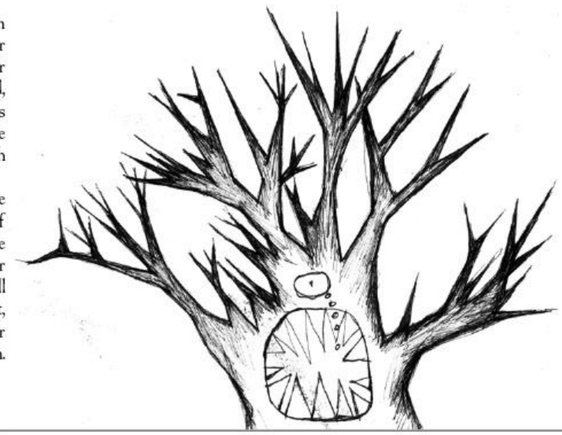
As the people in the house became fewer the shadows seemed to increase in number and in density. Often I perused my fading bank statements, lost in a reverie of long-gone financial transactions. I disliked being disturbed. Yes. I disliked that.

The disaster was coming. That was clear.

There were shadows everywhere.

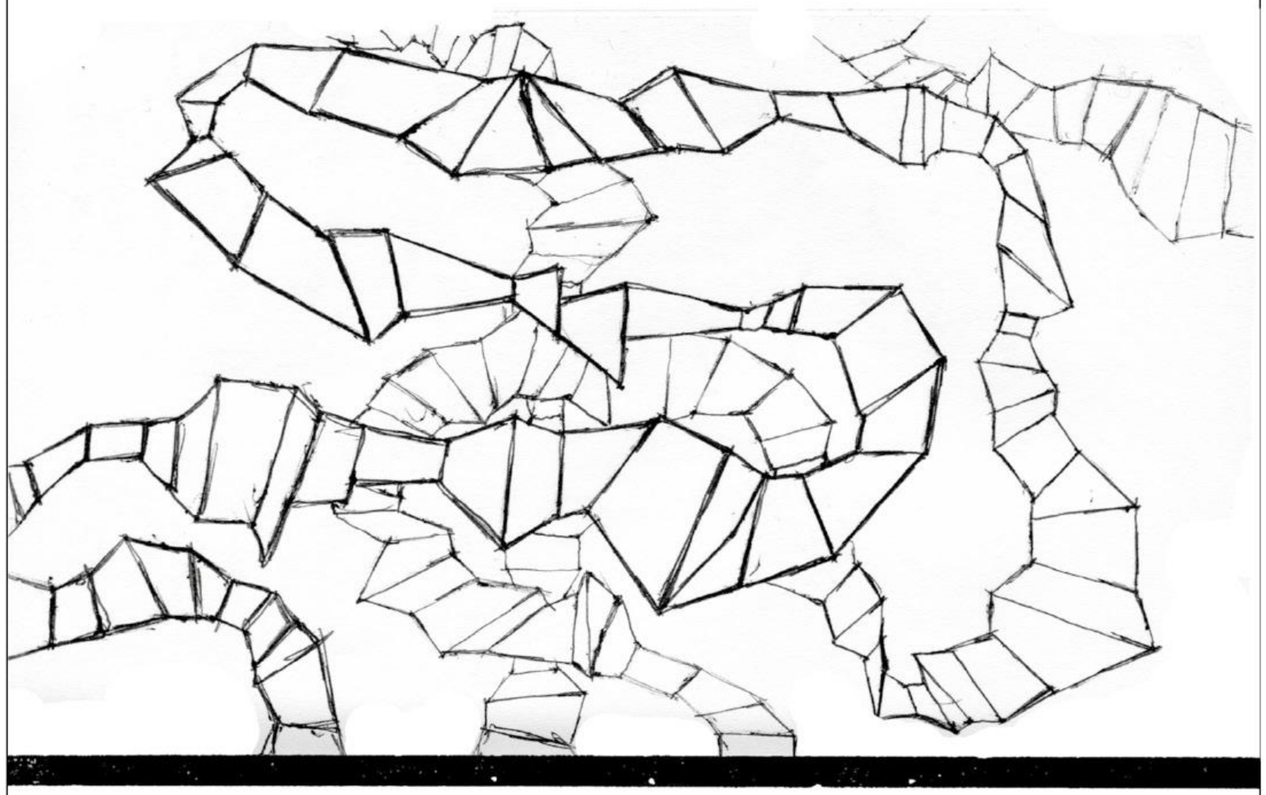
When I was at last alone, when the people were all gone, I waited for the disaster on my own.

On my own.



GATHER UP THE PITIFUL

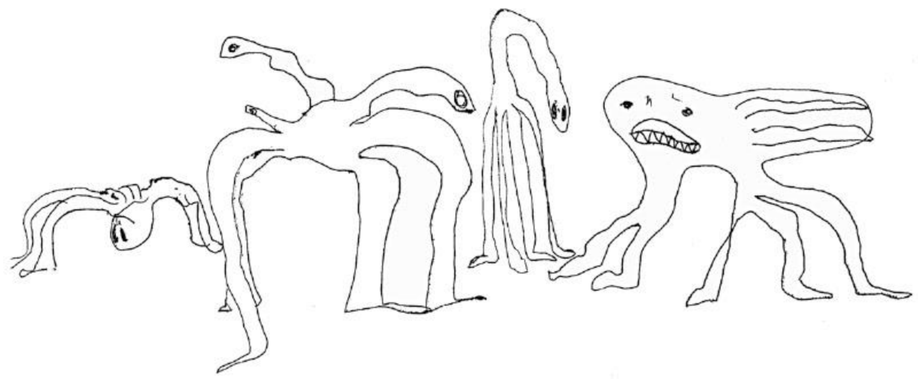
DONT BLOW YOUR MIND WITH WHY

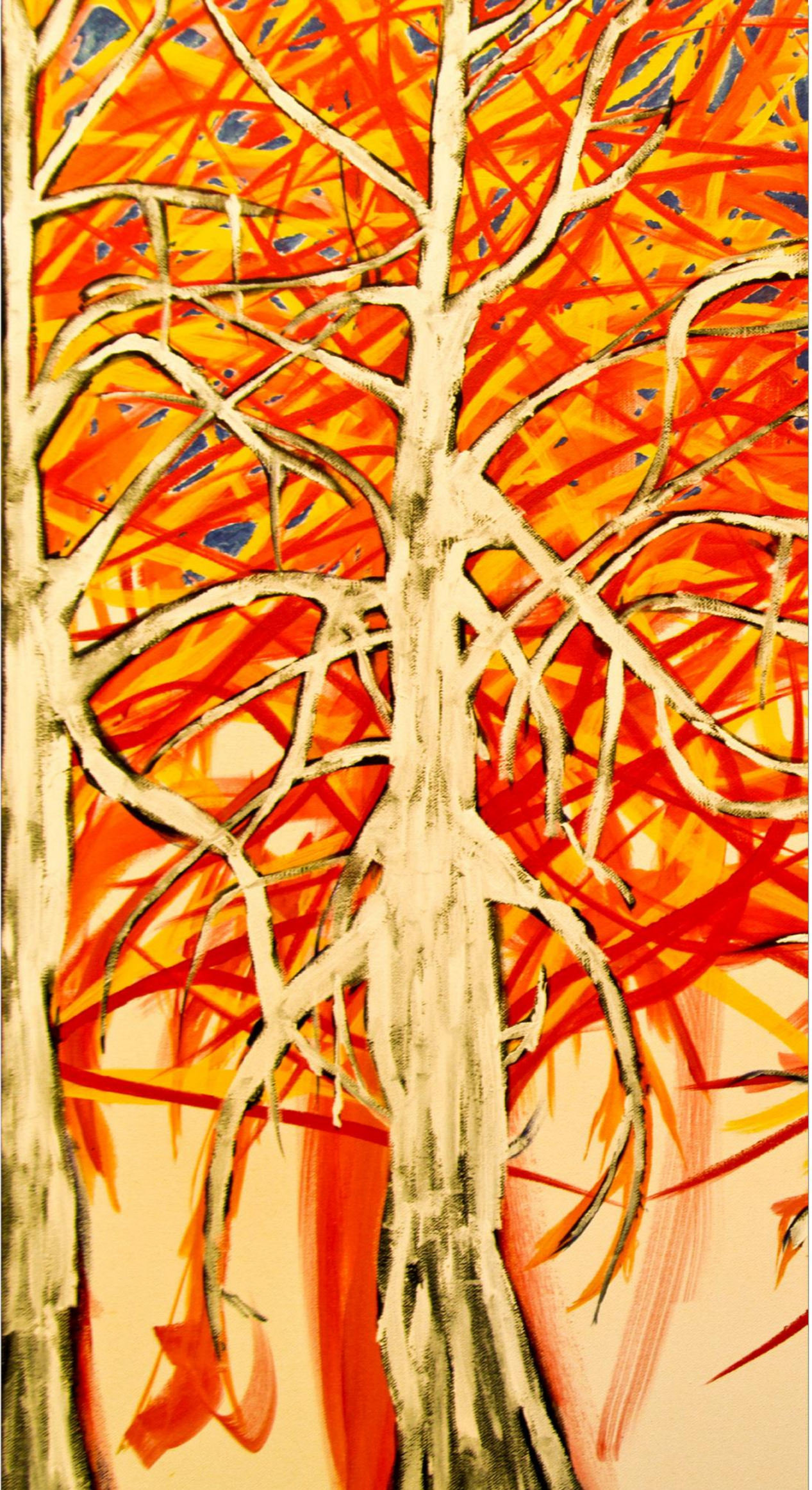


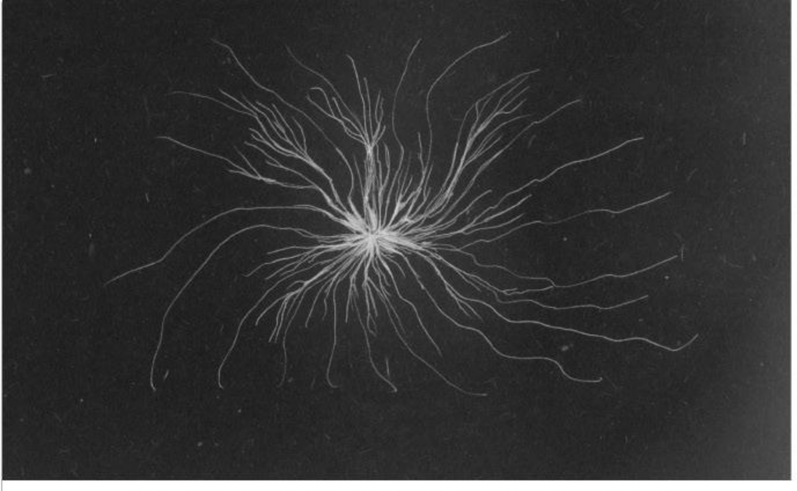
SO WHY DOES THIS NOT ADD UP?

I DON'T CARE.
I'M QUICKER THAN YOU ARE.
I CAN LEAVE THE ROOM BEFORE YOU OPEN YOUR VESSEL OF GERMS,
KNOWING BEFOREHAND YOU WERE GOING TO DO IT.
I'VE SEEN ALL YOUR TRICKS
I'M FAINTLY AMUSED BY SOME OF THEM
ALTHOUGH THE ENDLESS REPETITION GRATES.
I CAN BLOW WITH THE SAND.
I CAN LEAVE ANYTIME.
YOU STRUGGLE ROUND THE RAFT.
I JUMP WHEN IT GETS DIFFICULT.
THERE SEEMS LITTLE POINT STICKING ROUND AS IT COMES A P A R T.
BIG FISH SHELTER UNDERNEATH.
BY INSTINCT YOU H U M A N S
TIE UP WHAT YOU CAN TO SAVE YOUR SKIN.
YOUR MOST VALUED POSSESSIONS
NOT ME
IF YOUR TIME IS SPENT SAVING YOUR SKIN, MOTHERFUCKER
YOURE ALREADY SUNK.

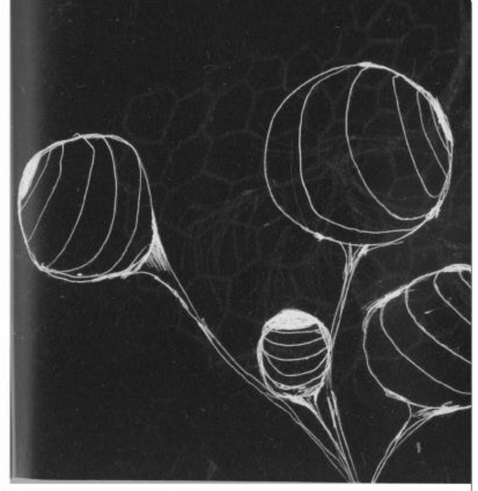
OPEN YOUR MOUTH WIDE







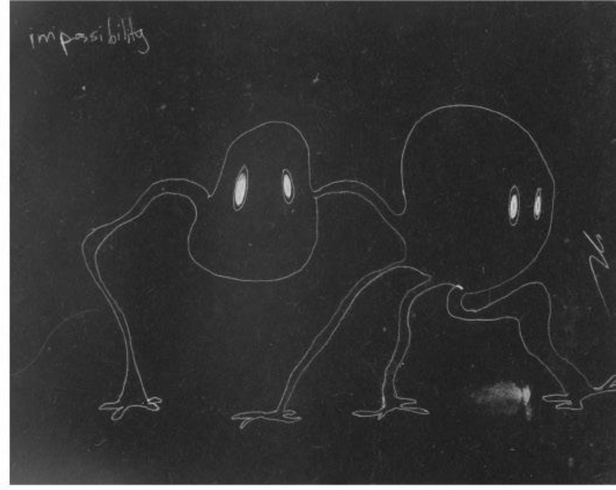
ROOT OF ROOTS



RAGNORO

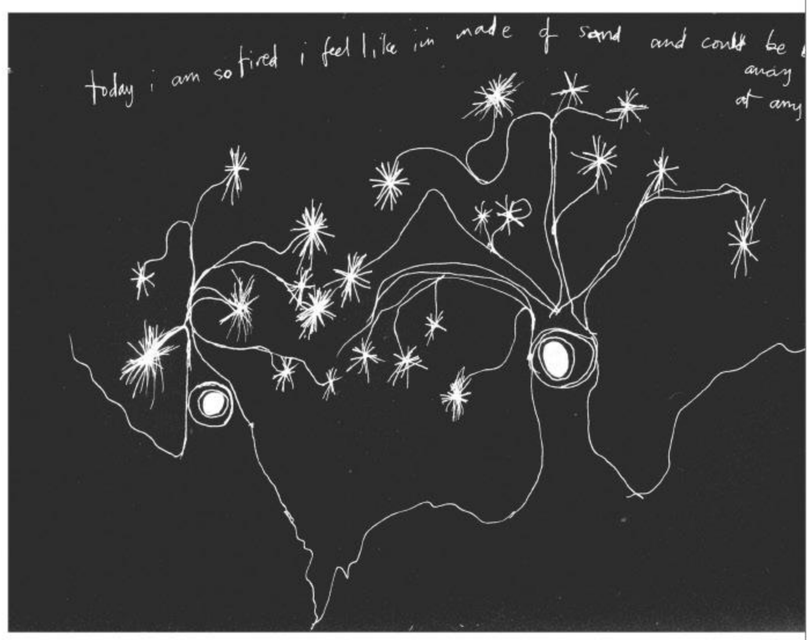
K

URPFLANZE



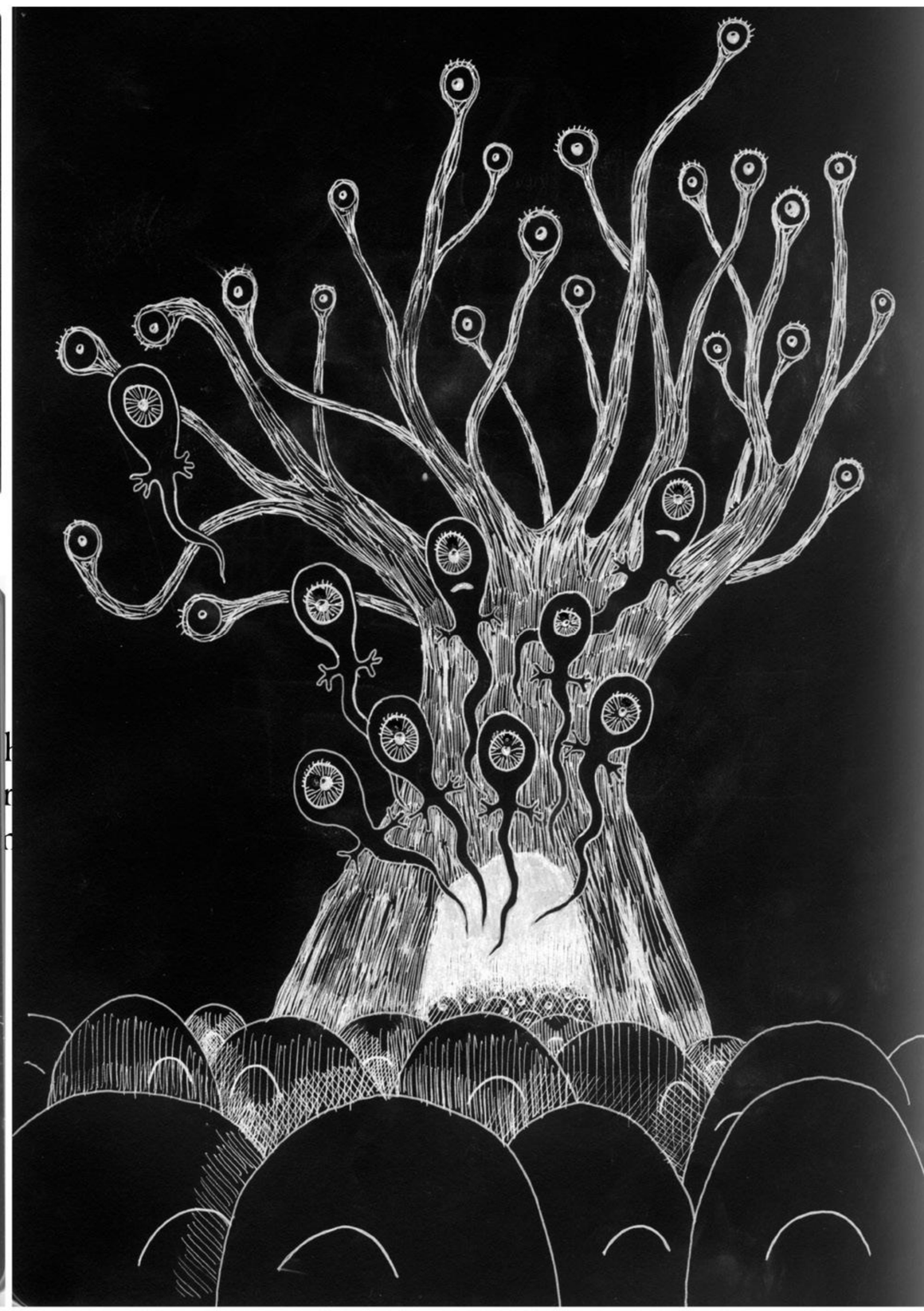
THE KING OF LIMBS

CODEX



AXIS MUNDI

YGGDRASIL



ARBOR PHILOSOPHICA

THE BIRD THAT'S FLOWN INTO MY ROOM.

UNHAPPENED

OUT OF IT, IN IT, OUT OF IT

WALK UP A LONG AGO ROAD COVERED WITH MOSS INTO THE WOODS. THERE IS SNOW FORECAST. I WANT TO LOSE MYSELF IN A BLIZZARD. NO SNOW HERE THOUGH. JUST DISTANT TRAFFIC AND BIRDS SPEAKING TO ONE ANOTHER.

SIT ON A DEAD TREE. GREY SKY. GREY FEATHERS SPREAD ACROSS THE MOSS. A BEAK: BLOODY FLESH STILL ATTACHED. RED AGAINST PALE GREEN. A SIREN, FAR OFF.

ALL AROUND THE CROWS SHOUT ABOUT ME. SNAGGED BY BRAMBLES. WHIPPED BY THORNS.

I DREAD OTHER HUMANS. TINY FLAKES FALL. COLD DEAD SKIN. PUSH THROUGH SPINY UNDERGROWTH. A MUDDY PLATEAU. FROZEN RUTS. THE SOUND OF TRAFFIC AND AEROPLANES. HARD TO THINK. LEANING AGAINST BARBED WIRE. TWO FLOCKS OF BIRDS, ABOVE THE BYPASS. AN UNATTENDED FIRE DYING. A CIRCLE OF HOT GREY ASH. A BIRD DIPS THEN PLUMMETS. A COLD EAST WIND.

INTO THE WOODS. A SNOWY PATH. WALK INTO AN ABANDONED QUARRY. CAVES EVERYWHERE. WARM AIR THAT SMELLS OF BLOOD DRIFTS OUT AND I'M TOO SCARED TO GO VERY FAR IN.

I LOSE MY WAY. EMERGE BLINKING FROM THE WOODS. A GOLF COURSE. I'M HUNGRY AND I KNOW I AM FAR FROM FOOD. I WISH IT WOULD SNOW.

A DARK PUBIC THICKET IN THE CROTCH OF A BEECH. A RUINED HOUSE. A SIGN; PRIVATE WOODS NO ACCESS.

BRANCHES GLOW IN THE SUNLIGHT. LOOK OUT AT THE SKY FROM THE TOP OF THIS HILL. I THINK I'M SURROUNDED BY BLIZZARDS. ONE SWOOPS OVER. WALK INTO IT, THE SUN STILL OUT. MY SHADOW CLEAR AS SUMMER BUT SNOW DOWN MY NECK. WATCHING VALLEYS FULL OF SNOW BLOW TOWARDS ME. NO SHELTER; EYES WATERING FROM THE COLD WIND.

SNOW FASTER AND FASTER. TAPPING ON MY COAT. FALLING FAST. HYPNOTIC. I'M BECOMING A SNOW MAN. HANDS TOO COLD ALMOST.

SUN IN THE DISTANCE. THIS WILL BE OVER SOON. THE CLOUD DEPARTS: A TRAILING GHOST.

FAIRY DUST

GOD'S GOT THE FAIRY DUST OUT AGAIN. SCATTERING EVERY WHICH WAY. HIS GIANT FINGERS TOUCHED THE END OF THE STREET AND SLOWLY BUT COMPLETELY EVERY LIVING AND INANIMATE THING FELL INTO SPARKLING AND TWINKLING. A FROZEN ENDING. A WICKED WITCHES SPELL.

I'M WAITING HERE PATIENTLY FOR HIS FINGER TO REACH INSIDE ME AND FREEZE MY BLOOD TOO. ALLOW MY FUNCTIONS TO GRIND SLOWLY BUT SURELY TO A HALT. THE DRUMS SLOW IN TEMPO UNTIL NOTHING. ALL OF THESE FEELINGS FINALLY PARALYSED BY THE FRACTAL FORMS CRAWLING INEVITABLY OVER EVERY LIVING SURFACE.

THEN ALL CAN BECOME NORMAL AGAIN, AND I CAN SET ABOUT FORGETTING.

HAUNT

DESIRE COMPANY, LACK SELF-ESTEEM AND WANT TO PROVE SELF.

FEEL THE DISAPPOINTMENT AND UNHAPPINESS THAT WAS PRESENT IN CHILDHOOD. CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHAT IS WRONG. IRRITABLE AND DISSATISFIED. FRIENDLY AND OPEN, YET FEEL THAT NOTHING IS RIGHT. RESTLESS, DISLIKE ROUTINE, NEED STIMULATION AND HAVE TROUBLE GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

REACT BADLY TO SHOCK AND HAVE INTENSE FEARS, ESPECIALLY OF BEING IN A CROWD, AND DISLIKE GOING OUT.

SPEND HOURS FRANTICALLY SORTING THINGS OUT, BUT TEND NOT TO ACCOMPLISH MUCH. IRRITABLE, NERVOUS, RESTLESS AND HARD TO PLEASE.

RESTLESS, HOPELESS, MOROSE AND HAVE A MORBID IMAGINATION. NO MATTER HOW ILL, DENY THAT ANYTHING IS WRONG AND REFUSE TO SEE A DOCTOR. PREFER TO BE LEFT ALONE.

FIT AND HEALTHY, STRONG, ENERGETIC MIND AND BODY. LIVELY AND ENTERTAINING. WHEN ILL, BECOME VIOLENT AND OBSTINATE. MAY HIT, BITE OR KICK. ILLNESS CHARACTERISED BY RESTLESS, AGITATED BEHAVIOUR, WITH EXTREME SENSITIVITY TO LIGHT, NOISE, MOVEMENT OR BEING TOUCHED.

SET HIGH GOALS. DRIVING AMBITION LEADS TO WORKAHOLISM. AN EXCESSIVE SENSE OF DUTY, ALWAYS FEEL AS IF HAVEN'T DONE AS WELL AS SHOULD. SENSITIVE TO OTHERS' OPINIONS AND EASILY HURT. MAY BECOME DESPAIRING. CAN LEAD TO CLINICAL DEPRESSION AND SUICIDE.

VERY MATERIALISTIC. SEE LIFE AS A STRUGGLE FOR FINANCIAL SECURITY. GREAT FEAR OF POVERTY EVEN IF FINANCIALLY SUCCESSFUL. CLEAN-LIVING, CRITICAL, METICULOUS, RELIABLE.

FEAR THE SUPERNATURAL, PREFER DAYLIGHT TO DARKNESS, HAVE VERY FIXED IDEAS.

HE MEANS YOU NO HARM
BEHIND A WALL OF EYES.
WAVING TO MUM AND DAD
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE.
OH DOWN A PEG OR TWO
I GO
BEHIND A WALL OF EYES
OF MY OWN DEVICE
ITS ALL IN YOUR HEAD
AND HAS ALWAYS BEEN
ALL BEEN IN YOUR HEAD.
KEEP IT TO YOURSELF
I WOULD
BEHIND A WALL OF EYES.
SO LET US RAISE OUR GLASSES
TO WHAT WE'LL NEVER HAVE
WHAT WE'RE NOT WORTHY OF
AND TO THE GRAINS OF SAND
SLIPPING THROUGH OUR HANDS.
LIFE IS SHORT
SO I DONT MESS AROUND
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE
WHERE THERE'S NO YES OR KNOW
AND THE RULES GET CHANGED
EVERY TIME YOU TURN
THIS MAY SOUND FOOLISH
I KNOW
THIS IS JUST A GAME
FOR WHICH THERE ARE NO RULES
SO WE ARE ONLY PLAYING
BEHIND A WALL OF EYES.
FOR OUR OWN PROTECTION
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE.
THAT NEVER GOES AWAY
I SIT HERE WAITING
BUT IT DONT GO AWAY
SOMETHING TERRIBLE
MAY HAPPEN
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE
YOU ARE ON YOUR OWN
AND HAVE TO MAKE THINGS UP,
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE.
WITH THE SLOW TORTURE
THAT I KIND OF LIKE.
A LOOK THROUGH HOLLOW EYES.
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE.
I CAN MAKE YOU LAUGH
AND MAKE YOU PROUD
PROUD THAT YOU ARE MINE
BEHIND A WALL OF EYES
PULLING AT MY CHORD
GENTLY LAUGHING NOW
BECAUSE YOU'RE HAVING FUN
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT ITS LIKE
I THINK I KNOW
I THINK I FEEL THE SAME
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE
BEHIND A WALL OF EYES

IT'S NOT TOO LATE
IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

LAYER UPON LAYER
I GO
INTO A WALL OF ICE.
EMPTY WHEN I TALK.
I'M ASKING PLEASE DON'T
LOOK.
TO GET THIS OFF MY MIND
BEHIND A WALL OF ICE.
"SO LET ME GET THIS
STRAIGHT.."
MY HOW BUT YOU HAVE
CHANGED.
NO HASSLE, ANYTIME,
JUST WHEN YOU GET THE
CHANCE.
THE HORIZONTAL LINES
THE HORIZONTAL LINES
BEHIND A WALL OF EYES
OF MY DEVICE.

Everything was normal and as it should be until one day I woke up and there was something wrong.

I didn't know what it was, but it was a kind of persistent thing that I couldn't quite ignore. Something was cold and it was inside, not outside. It was like a place where someone had poked me with an icicle. A splinter of winter.

The days passed like they do and I just got colder. The cold spread until I was like a sculpture of ice. I didn't sneeze any more, and I couldn't cry and if I tried to come it was like a tendril of porcelain. I was a solid man. You could throw rocks at me and it didn't hurt at all. I just splintered a little.

Perhaps fortunately, no-one noticed and everything carried on being normal and as it should be, all around me.

But I was frozen.

A Note on the Packaging

The paper used to print this newspaper is approximately 30 per cent recycled material. Newsprint paper is made by a mechanical milling process, without the chemical processes that are often used to remove lignin from the pulp. This lignin causes the paper to rapidly become brittle and yellow when exposed to air and sunlight, mirroring the inexorable decay of all things.
This newspaper will not stand the test of time; it is most definitely not archival quality.
The board used for the record sleeve, inner sleeves and CD wallet is PEFC certified which indicates responsibly sourced material. It should last a little longer than the newspaper.
The blotting paper used for the additional gift item is FSC certified, but again is not of archival quality.
The plastic film used to wrap the newspaper and the record is 'oxo-biodegradable' or OBD plastic. This is plastic to which has been added very small amounts of metal salts. These catalyze the natural degradation process to speed it up, so that the OBD plastic will degrade to produce water, carbon dioxide and biomass. Conventional polyethylene and polypropylene plastics will typically take hundreds of years to degrade. The process is shortened with OBD plastic from hundreds of years to years and months.
However, despite the carefully chosen short-lifespan nature of the packaging for this record, it is hoped that they will be retained rather than discarded, as with care the materials used will outlive the owner.

The music and sounds from The King of Limbs were conjured up by Radiohead and produced Nigel Godrich.
The imagery was summoned up by Stanley Donwood and Uzi Poggibonsi.
Engineered and mixed by Nigel Godrich, assisted by Drew Brown. Additional assistance from Darrell Thorp and Bryan Cook.
Flugelhorn on Bloom and Codex performed by Noel Langley and Yazz Ahmed.
Strings on Codex performed by The London Telefilmonic Orchestra, led by Levine Andrade and conducted by Robert Ziegler.
Mastered by Robert C. Ludwig at Gateway Mastering & DVD. Also thanks to Peter Yozell, and Neil Whitcher.
Studio equipment etc., kept going by Plank. Ourselves kept going by Kat and Tim. And our office! A big thank you very much indeed to Drew Barrymore.
This one's for new Henry, Zohar and all our little ones. Hello guys.

The fonts used in this newspaper are by Andrew Leman, of the H.P. Lovecraft Historical Society. Production was by Mel Maxwell, Christiaan Munro, Ade Bullock and CSV.

the ghost

gather up the lost & their souls into

your arms gather up the pitiful into

your arms what looks impossible

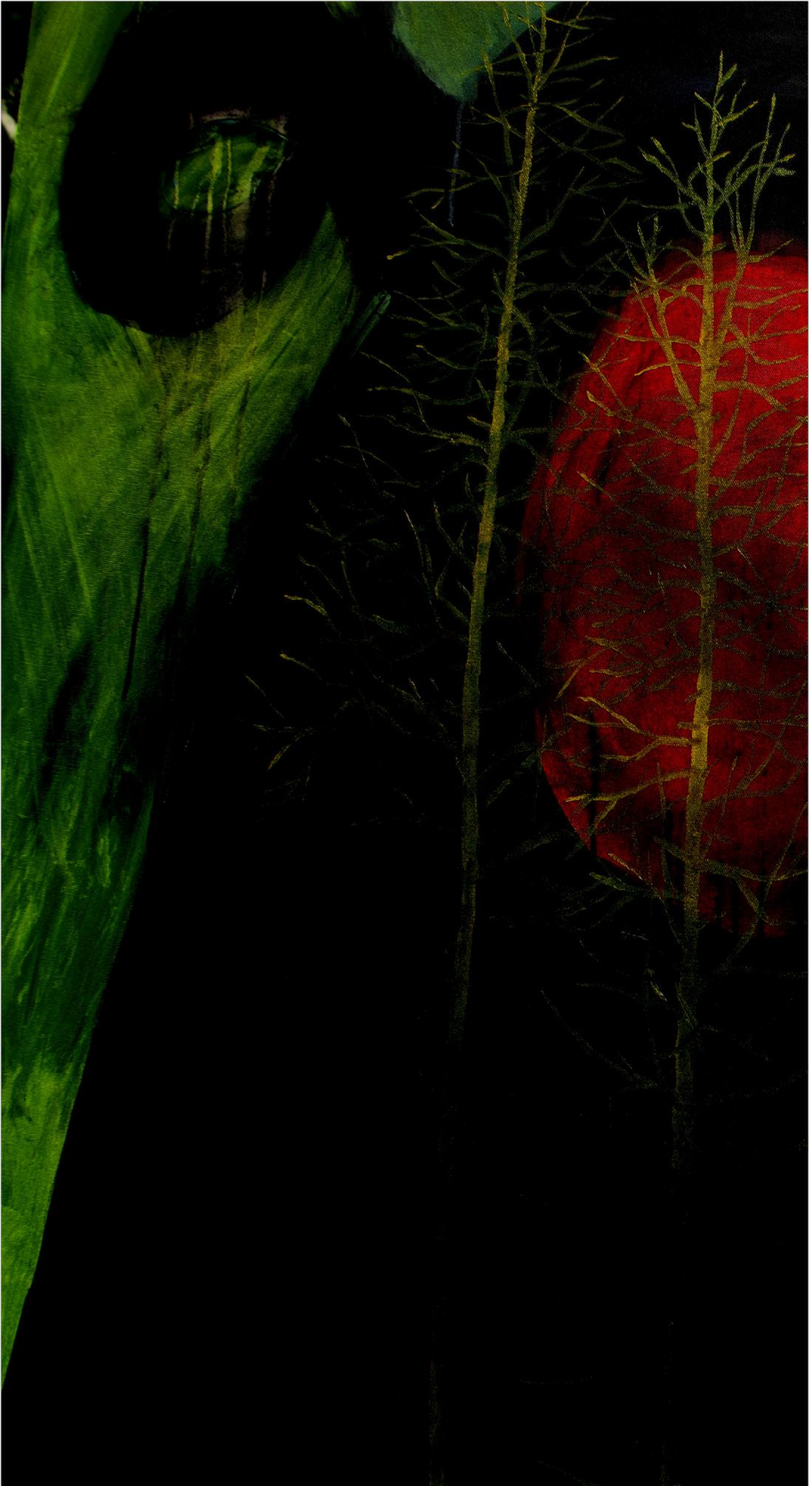
into your arms now i think ive had

my fill into your arms ive been told

to give up the ghost into your arms

BE SOME BE SOME

WAS THAT NOTHING?
WAS THAT NOTHING?
WAS THAT NOTHING?
WAS THAT NOTHING?



I AM SPITTING CLICHES
I SOUND LIKE A MUG
I AM A DISSOLVING
LIVING GHOST
HOUSES ARE CRUMBS
FIELDS WALLPAPER
ROADS ARE LIKE SCARS
HURTLING THROUGH VAPOURS
ALL THOUGHTS
ARE TRANSPARENT
SOLIDIFY DISSOLVE
YOU ARE A LIVING GHOST
I CLAW AND I GRASP
CLING ONTO A RAFT
TURN ON A TURNING WHEEL
THE PEOPLE ARE ANTS
ARENT YOU AFRAID
HOUSES ARE CRUMBS
FIELDS WALLPAPER
ROADS ARE LIKE SCARS

The Book Of

the book of forgiveness
the book of request
the book of the dream that was ok
the book of the dark underbelly
the book of apologies
the book of replacement
the book of unreal
the book of autosave
the book of wallpapers
the book of disconnect
the book of teleportation
the book of my own thoughts

ANOTHER COIN FOR THE MERRY GO ROUND

JUST SAY
WHERE YOU WANNA BE
I'll take you anywhere
you want to go.
I can turn you on and
I can make you happy.

OPEN.
NO
MORE
HIDING.

THAT PERHAPS
YOU'RE JUST TRAPPED IN A SONG?

someone has cut a hole
and thrown the first stone
with no effort at all

the bottom of your chin
the straightening of your neck
a laugh stretched on your lips

i am back a child
the future open mouthed
and anything is possible
p o s s i b l e
p o s s i b l e

before we turn to ash
with a lightness of touch
unwrap this page in me
scatter the ink
scatter the ink

dumb words are all I have

feeble and undressed

windows in the dark

lost to the wind

I fail to comprehend

what compels me on

jump between the lines

along the underground

WEATHER COMING THOUGH THE WINDOWS
HAVE TO GET THESE WINDOWS REPLACED
THEY FLAP IN THE RAIN AND WIND.
THERES NO ONE LEFT IN THE HOUSE
BUT YOU AND HER.
LIE DOWN, I SHALL BE BACK FOR YOU.

you're out of your depth
pull yourself together
people are staring
people are laughing
you don't understand the
meaning of the word
try to switch off
let your thoughts zone out
there is no reason
there is no rhyme
double quick time
the dust that never settles
never settles
we like a circus act
falling down flat
and dragged under the
curtain
hit by rubber bats
a boom and then a splat
springing right back
a clown under your hat
you've fallen on your arse
and everybody's laughing

On entering London into
Paddington railway station
The words:

Far away is close at hand
in images of elsewhere

Painted with a wide brush
in white paint

were slowly concealed by a bright
tangle of tags
The largest read

MYTH

This has now been utterly erased
Now, there is

nothing.

I WILL TAPE MYSELF UP
BUILD MYSELF A RAFT FROM WHATEVER IS HANGING AROUND
AND PUSH OFF FROM OUR IMAGINARY DESERT ISLAND
THAT I FORGOT TO TELL YOU EXISTED, AT LEAST TO ME
WISH YOU WELL LIKE A BRAVE TIN SOLDIER
WITH ALL THE STRENGTH I HAVE LEFT IN ME
LET THE CURRENTS AND FORCES OF NATURE DO WHAT THEY WILL
HAVING NO INTEREST IN THEIR WHOLESOME FUCKING WORTHY FLUORESCENT REALITY

JUST TO FEED YOUR FAST BALLOON-ING HEAD.

WILL BE HANGING AROUND
A LOT. TRYING TO KEEP
AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER. A
SHIRT DRYING ON A LINE.

I WILL SHRINK AND I WILL DISAPPEAR.
I WILL SLIP INTO A GROOVE AND CUT ME OFF.

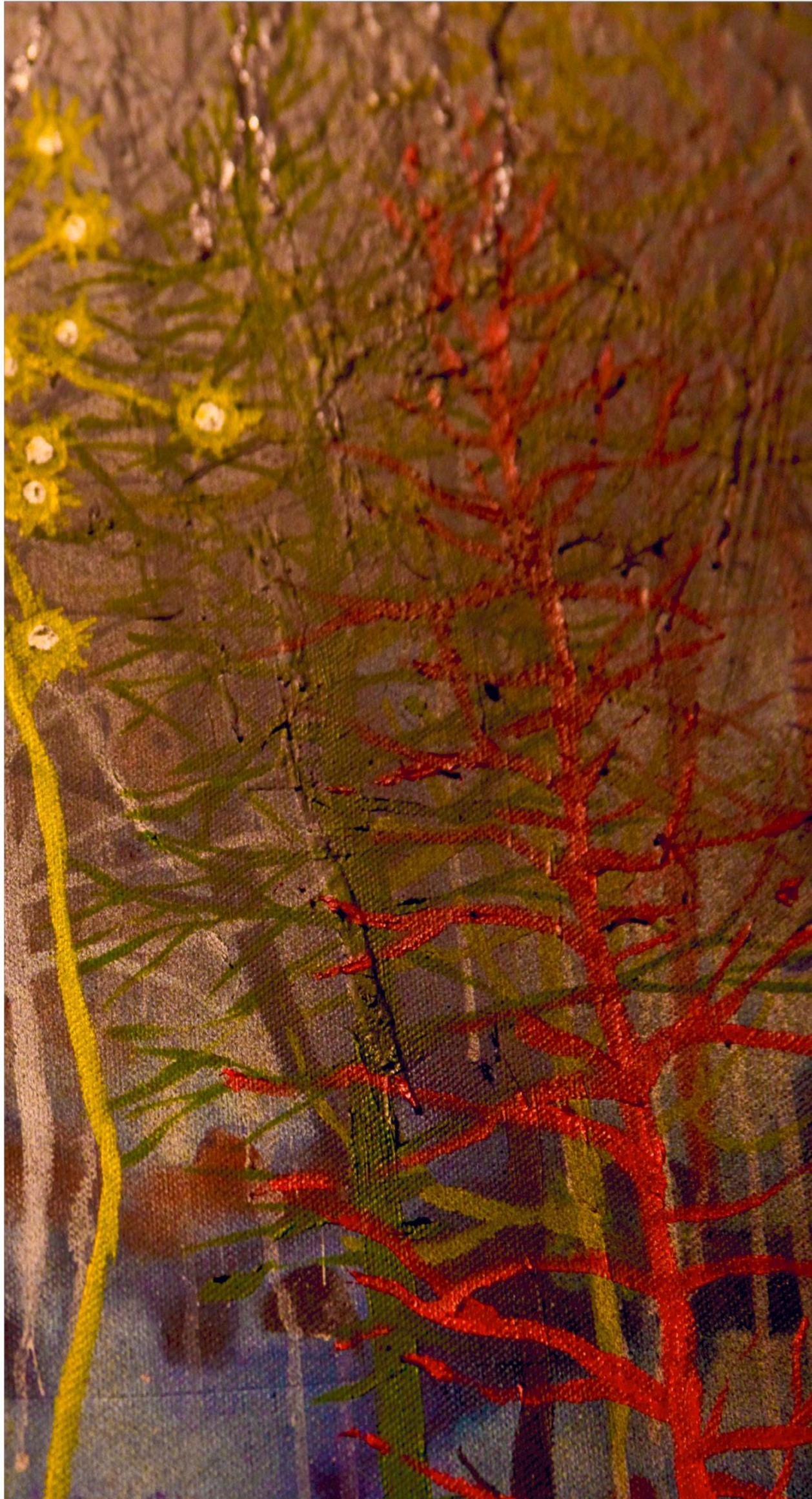
THERES AN EMPTY SPACE INSIDE MY HEART WHERE THE WEEDS TAKE ROOT SO NOW I SET YOU FREE I SET YOU FREE

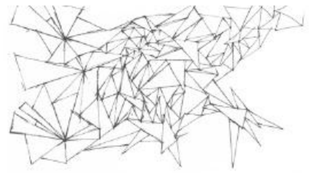
The host of the party says 'go with it.'
I say 'What if you can't?'
'What if it clashes with you? It causes a kind of sickness to rise.. a nausea, almost like you wanna black out.'
Everybody is wondering (sympathetically of course) what i am talking about.
'Just go with it' they say.
'What if I can't?'

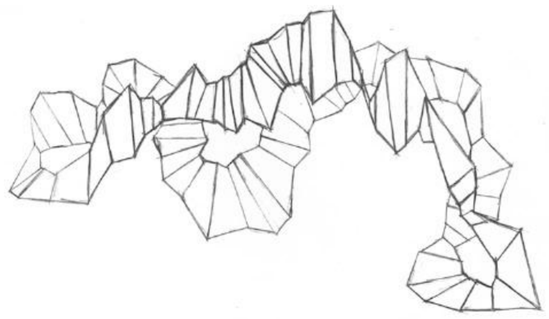
Soon I am walking at ground level through a bladerunner world. I'm helping someone patch in all the leads in a patchbay.
Then at a rooftop bar I end up late for a meeting with a bunch of art school pony tail types. They are eating cold white fish with dead eyes.

I pushed through the crowd towards the main attraction.
In a big glass tank was a naked man, standing there gazing ahead, not looking at us or anything at all.
In the tank with him were millions upon millions of ___, slowly and _____ chewing away at his _____.
As the _____ gorged on the man, they swelled and grew, and their sloughed skins were drawn along a glass chute by some kind of suction device into another glass tank where they rolled wispily together in their millions, almost glowing in the Californian sunset.
This was _____man. This was his act; standing in his glass cell, alive and fully conscious, stoically bearing his complete consumption by the _____ that surrounded him.
By midnight there would be nothing but a sinewy skeletal armature in the tank.

SLEIGHT OF HAND. JUMP OFF THE END. INTO A CLEAR A LAKE. NO-ONE AROUND. JUST DRAGONFLIES FANTASISED. NO-ONE GETS HURT. DONE NOTHING WRONG. SLIDE YOUR HANDS. JUMP OFF THE END. THE WATER'S CLEAR AND INNOCENT. THE WATER'S CLEAR AND INNOCENT.



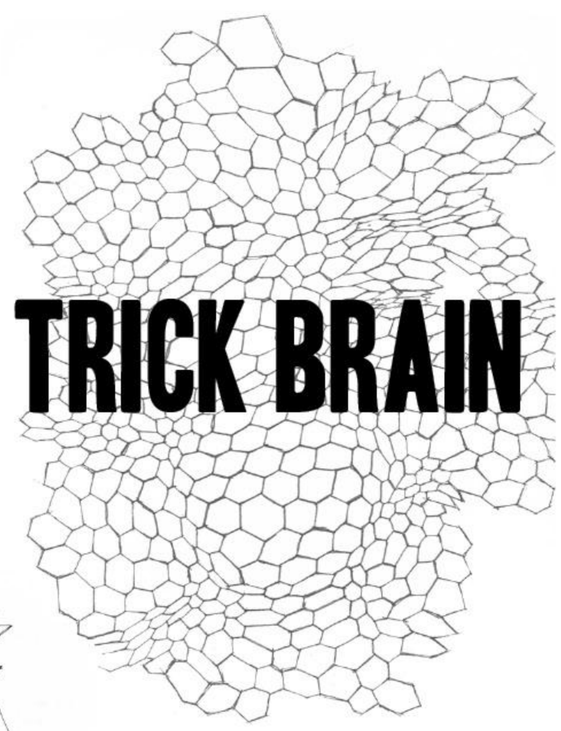




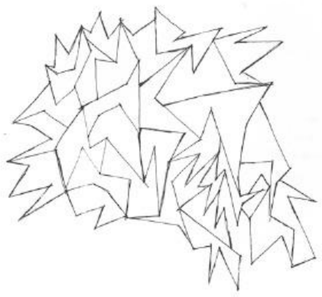
"I don't really care if anybody else believes me. Whatever it was, they were moving from place to place as a unit and then just faded away. I know that I saw something that wasn't from here. I've never seen anything move that way. It wasn't birds."

"There were three orange globes, nearly in a straight line, ... an absolutely fascinating sight. I watched them for five minutes, and then very slowly, they just disappeared. The only thing I thought it could have been was three high-flying aircraft."

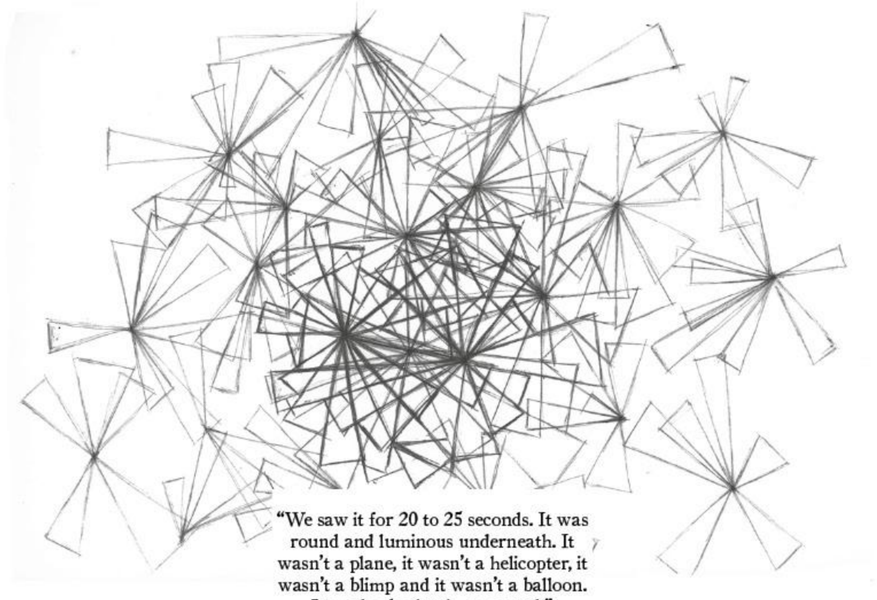
TRICK BRAIN



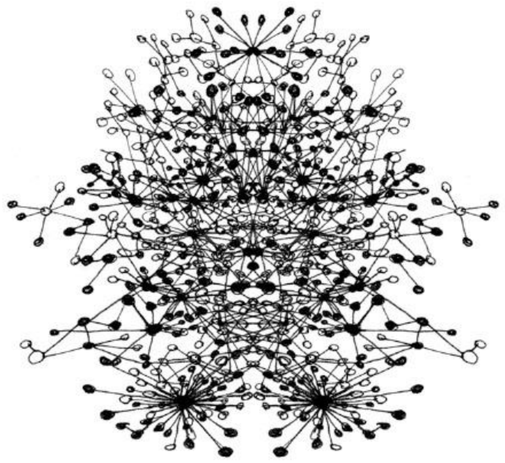
surface edge crowns



ticker tape parade



"We saw it for 20 to 25 seconds. It was round and luminous underneath. It wasn't a plane, it wasn't a helicopter, it wasn't a blimp and it wasn't a balloon. It made absolutely no sound."



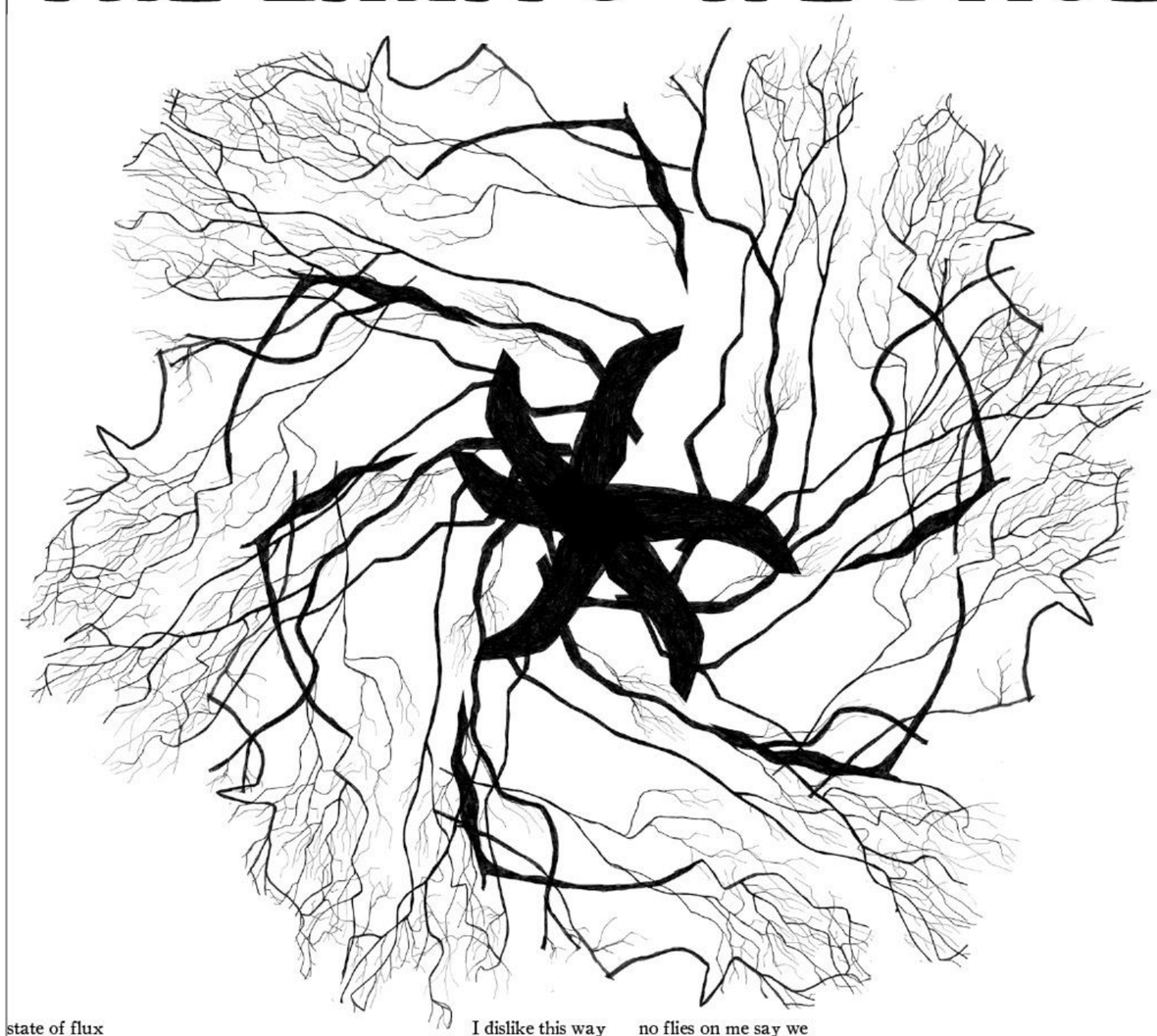
SOME SMALL CHANGES IN YOUR DAILY LIFE

No need to pull that face,
Always I am before you.
Distances and time are nothing.

Where er'r it takes you.
Where the rules do not apply.
These are merely parts we have to play.

So spare me all your tumbling clowns.
Spare me all your waving flags.
Spare me ticker tape parades,
and don't tie me up in circumstance.

THE LIMITS WE FACE!



state of flux
overflow
make no fuss
no logic
irrational
a deafening drone
out of zone
superglue
hollow moons
honeycombs
ever changing
nothing fixed
shapeshifters
no logic
i dislike this
dislike this
hiding in the darkness
hiding in the darkness

I dislike this way
dislike this way
did you ever..?
consider..?
threads untangled
light and free
transformation
is complete
exploding in a carnival
go our own way
make our rules
throw ourselves
into a barrier
go our own way
throw ourselves into a barrier
the pain barrier

how did this get so tangled up?

no flies on me say we
cities buried under the sea
you locked me in your track
drink some coffee
take a spinal crack
wiped lottery upgrading heart attack
you see through your hands with your eyes
glowing bones
revel in your own destruction
jumping head first into rock pools

blistered millipedes take me by the hand
their mouths defie the laws of circumference
living a lie under rules they have made up
under a misguided sense of displaced duty
lost
flushed down a stormdrain in the dead of night like cats
get your kicks while you can!

hypocrites to a man

IT SOUNDS VERY

LOGICAL BUT

IT SOUNDS VERY LOGICAL

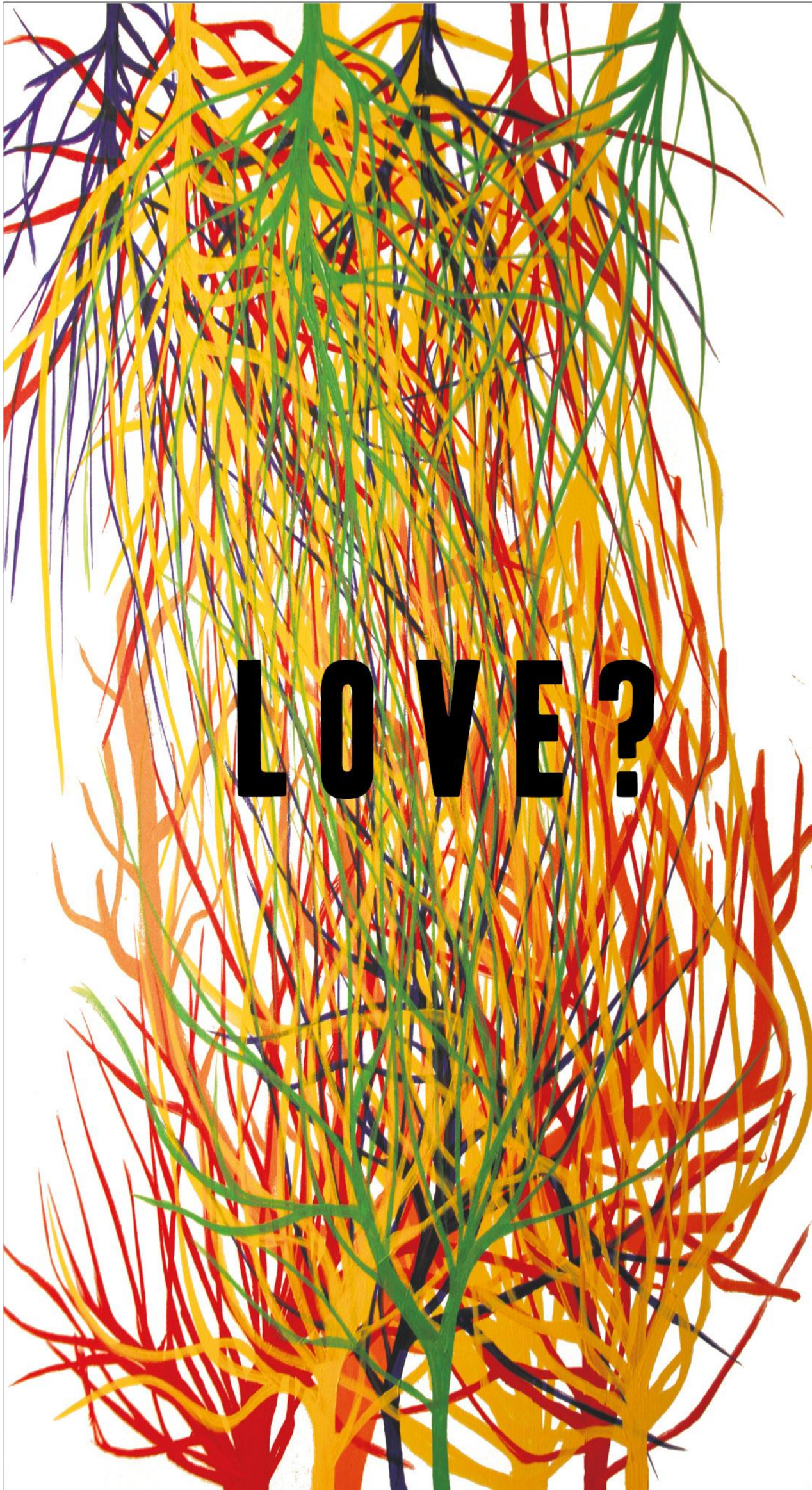
BUT

THAT IS NOT

WHAT IS HAPPENING

IS NOT

WHAT IS HAPPENING



BLOOM

MORNING MR MAGPIE

LITTLE BY LITTLE

FERAL

LOTUS FLOWER

CODEX

GIVE UP THE GHOST

SEPARATOR